

HOLMER WON RACE WITH LAME LEG

BEST SPORTING PAGE IN NEW YORK

WORLD'S BOWLING TOURNEY ON JAN. 30

ABE ATTELL OUTPOINTS KLINE, BUT NEWARK BOY DOES THE REAL FIGHTING

Featherweight Champion Like a Wasp Without Sting--Is Groggy From Youngster's Punches in Sixth and Seventh Rounds.

BY ROBERT EDGREN.

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ABE ATTELL went through the motions again last night in his bout with Patsy Kline. I'm beginning to think that all ABE can do just now is go through the motions. All of his marvellous judgment of distance, his cleverness in avoiding punishment, and his ability to tap-tap-tap without missing the mark is with him still. It enables him to outpoint Kline. But he can't fight.

As far as fighting is concerned, Kline did practically all of it. He was dangerous every second of the time. AtteLL was never dangerous at all. Kline found this out early in the bout, and afterward simply held his hands up as a partial protection for his face, walked slowly in and allowed AtteLL to jab and punch as he pleased until near enough to swing his favorite left. It was a mightily disturbing left, too. AtteLL had a healthy respect for it. He pulled away from dozens of lefts, letting them whiz past his face with an inch or two to spare. But Kline got in a few, and there was more damage in them than in the three or four innocuous taps that AtteLL sent back in return.

AtteLL used to have a great right hand. He didn't show any proof that he has it now. He didn't even shoot it out as he did three or four times in the bout with Pat Moore. Whatever he did with the right was only in the line of fancy tapping at Kline's ribs in the clinches, and in light, harmless uppercuts. Even his left was without the old snap. He is like a wasp without a sting. He can go along and outpoint a lot of good fighters just as he outpointed Kline, but he can't whip them.

Still, it made a very pretty night, with AtteLL's cleverness and Kline's forcing and the constant swishing of his swift and forceful swings. There was always the thought that only one, landed just right, would drop the featherweight champion for a good ten seconds--and AtteLL kept the crowd on edge by making that one miss.

The National Sporting Club was packed from the stage at one end of the hall to the electric sign at the entrance. The preliminaries brought out two darkies, who looked like chunks of midnight in the ring. Also there was a rugged sailor named Jimmy Glavin, from the gambut Olympia. Glavin didn't know much, but he was a fighter. The referee, Patsy Haley, stopped the semi-final in the fourth round to save Charlie Bender from a hard beating.

Then came AtteLL and Kline. In the second round Kline staggered AtteLL with a hard left. AtteLL stalled through

Star Bowlers Getting Ready for Evening World Tourney

Annual Event Begins at
Thum's With Record
Number of Teams.

THE annual free head pin tournament for The Evening World, which is looked upon as the bowling classic of the season, will begin at Thum's alley Jan. 26. The first game will be rolled at 8 o'clock that night.

Greek Wrestler After Gotch; Will Appear Here

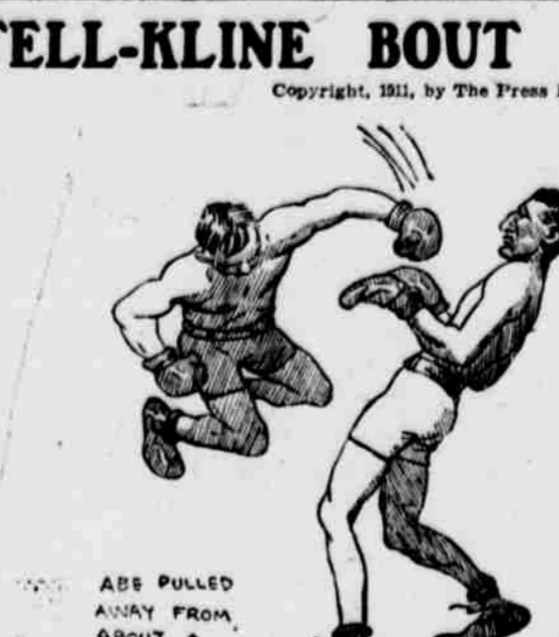
William Demetrol, the big Greek wrestler, is coming East from Chicago shortly to show his skill as a mat artist to New Yorkers. Demetrol has earned a big reputation in the West and, like others of the wrestling class, is clamoring for a chance at Frank Gotch.

Cross Will Do Real Fighting Monday Night

Leach Cross, the east side dentist, who returns to the ring at the Vanderbilt Athletic Club, Brooklyn, Monday night, has been showing great form in his training. He is at Jimmy De Forest's quarters in Allenhurst, and the latter says "Cross is in faster condition than ever."



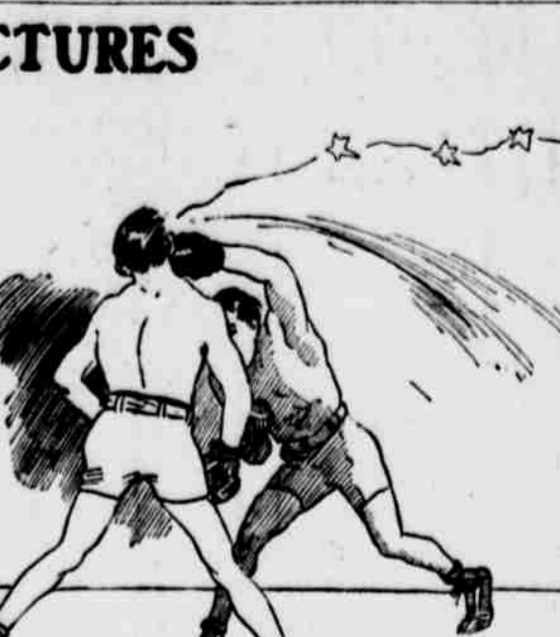
KLINE'S ONE TRICK HE WAITED FOR A CHANCE TO SWING HIS LEFT



ABE PULLED AWAY FROM ABOUT A HUNDRED OF THESE BY AN EYELASH



ATTELL GROGGY IN THE 6TH.



PATSEY GOT IN A FEW NAIL-DRIVERS WITH THE LEFT.

PACKEY M'FARLAND JUMPS OFF TRAIN AND BEGINS HARD TRAINING

Packey Considers Himself
Lucky Having Arranged to
Meet Wolgast Feb. 22.

BY JOHN POLLOCK.

OF all the fighters in the business, it is doubtful if there is one who trains any harder to get into condition for a contest than Packey McFarland, the crack Chicago boxer. It is a pleasure to see Packey go through his training stunts, as he never stops working from the moment he starts until he goes to bed.

McFarland is at present going through a course of strenuous training at Cannon's Roadhouse in Westchester for his ten-round bout with Jack Goodman at the Fairmont A. C. on Tuesday night. Packey began his real hard work for the bout yesterday and although he will only have five days in which to get into shape, it's a safe bet that when he enters the ring he will be in as good shape as if he had had ten days to prepare for the mill.

McFarland only arrived in town from Chicago yesterday morning and as soon as he got off the train the first thing he said to Billy Gibson was "Get me to my training quarters as quickly as possible."

Gibson hustled Packey and his manager, Emil Thery, into his automobile and in less than an hour they were at Cannon's Roadhouse. Without any delay McFarland got out all his boxing paraphernalia and got ready for his first day's work.

When a delegation of sporting writers arrived at Packey's training quarters a few hours later they found him shadow boxing, which was certainly a treat to look at as he moved around with the grace of a dancing master and made swings at his imaginary opponent with remarkable quickness.

After going through this work for ten minutes Manager Thery called a halt and ordered Packey's two sparring partners, Sailor Stevens and Mike Gibson, to get ready to box him.

By this time McFarland was perspiring freely, but without taking a rest, he walked around the gymnasium at a quick pace while waiting for his

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Nearly 200 Boys in I. A. A. C.'s Big Boxing Tourney

Chart Shows That Teams Usually Take Whole Month to Get Going.

BY ROZEMAN FULGER.
A STRIKING argument in favor of the earliest spring training possible is a recent official chart by the league experts showing the progress of the teams in the two major leagues from April until October. The fluctuating positions of the various clubs during the first month is convincing proof that if a team could get enough practice in the spring to walk on the field and strike its stride at the start it would come pretty near winning the pennant.

During the first month of last season every club in both leagues changed positions frequently. The Cubs and the Giants were both at the bottom of the ladder before the end of the first week while Cincinnati was in the lead. They jumped up and down until the first week in May. The Giants then took first place and held it for a week. The Cubs gradually crawled up until on May 25 they took first place and held it to the end of the season. The Giants dropped as low as third place after that date but ran second for the rest of the time.

Pittsburgh was never lower than fourth, but the weaker clubs that had been favored with wins during the first two weeks gradually fell back into their natural positions and held them until the end of the season.

In the American League the Athletics were in last place at the start of the season but quickly jumped into the lead and held it from May 7 to the end. The Highlanders were never lower than third place and had the lead for seven days during the season.

The St. Louis Browns were the most consistent players in either league. They dropped into last place on April 30 and held it against all comers until the fire was out.

The main point brought out by these figures is that if the Giants, for instance, had got their stride during the first week instead of waiting until the end of the month it would have made a difference to them of five or six games and that would have put them close to the Cubs that it would have taken the last two or three games to decide the championship.

SPORTING NEWS AND NOTES.

UP TO DATE.

GOSSIP

PRESIDENT TAFT HAS ACCEPTED an invitation to act as honorary president of the Olympic games which will be held in Stockholm, Sweden, in 1912.

IN A CONTEST IN THE HUB, THE Kansas City team again won from Boston in the tournament of the National Amateur Three-Cushion Billiard League, Gillespie defeating Ramsford, 9 to 15.

THE BROWNS ARE GOING TO DO their training this spring at Hot Springs, Va. They will use the grounds used by the Boston Americans last year, and will have the Reds to alternate with them in the holding of practice at that park.

CORNELL WILL MAKE ITS FIRST hockey appearance of the season tonight at the St. Nicholas rink in a game against Princeton.

AT THE ANNUAL MEETING OF the Harlem Yacht Club Fred B. Bragdon was elected commodore. The report of the treasurer showed the club to be in a prosperous condition.

YOUNG Fitzsimmons outpointed Joe Maroney in a slashing ten-round bout at the New Polo A. C. The fight was even up to the sixth round when Fitzsimmons caught Maroney with a right-hand swing which brought the latter down. Fitzsimmons sent in a right-hand smash which brought the latter down. Maroney's mouth. Both were in a mix-up when the bell rang.

ALFRED DE ORO, THE AMERICAN pool champion, won and lost in the games he played at John Doyle's Academy. In the afternoon he was beaten by Henry P. Stoff of Cleveland by a score of 112 to 45, but in the evening he managed 10 wins by beating Dr. Howe by a score of 125 to 65.

CHARLEY DANIELS, WORLD'S champion, and a dozen other speedy swimmers, will meet tonight in the Metropolitan swimming championship at 230 yards at the New York Athletic Club. There will be a number of other interesting events decided.

THE NATIONAL BOARD FOR THE Promotion of Rifle Practice of Washington has decided to hold the national rifle matches of 1911, beginning on Aug. 23. They have not agreed on the place for the holding of the matches.

STRIKING THE STRIDE AT START IS WHAT WINS THE PENNANT

Managers Use This as an Argument for Earliest Spring Training Possible.

got away to a good start and kept it up. If Chase can keep them going at the same regular stride during the coming season he ought to give the Athletics a tough fight. Naturally his club will be stronger as the year of seasoning has done the youngsters a world of good.

But I'd landed in Edinburgh with a new country. When I got to the hotel, I was making our way to Liverpool, homebound, and six clever English "three-card monte" experts tried to inveigle us into their game. But the "Dop" knew a trick or so, and seeing I'd spent some time in Northern lumber camps, where the sure-thing men come around every pay day, those buncos didn't think I was a look-in.

I'd take a rest for a while, but if things get going here within a few weeks there's no reason why I shouldn't show my friends that I can tumble over the turn of the American style--turning to the left--and a stonewall in my leg. Big hunks of gloom hung about my camp from that time until the race.

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HANS HOLMER SAYS HE WON MARATHON WITH A CRIPPLED LEG

Bronx Runner to Return to
Europe If There's Nothing
Doing for Him Here.

BY HANS HOLMER.

(Winner of the Great Powder Hall Marathon in Scotland.)

I'VE been talking about distance running to every one that I've come in contact with during the last two weeks--they all want to know how it is that a Yankee can go over to the other side and put it all over the best runners in Europe--and I've been so busy answering their questions that I was rather relieved when I reached home at midnight and my mother only said: "Well, Hans, I've been looking for you ever since you won that race. Come in and I'll give you a bite before you go to bed."

I didn't care much about making a stir at my home up in the Bronx, and I knew that my old friend, Charlie Vetterman, who keeps the hotel at One Hundred and Seventy-seventh street, had planned to give me a reception. That's why I came in without without letting even my mother know.

But I'm here now, and I'm in the best condition of my whole career. Show me a man that can run against me and I'll be on the job. I want a few weeks' rest before I run again, but it is my intention to take on any of 'em.

Holmer Offered Many Races. After I won the Powder Hall Marathon there were all sorts of people who wanted me to run them. I was offered at least a dozen races both in Scotland and in England. Bouchard, the Frenchman, who was the favorite over me, rushed over to my dressing room and exclaimed: "I run you for anything--francs or dollars--I beat you at fifteen miles."

Well, I'm going to take up that challenge in the near future. I've practiced again and show them that we Yankees can run a bit, no matter what the distance may be.

That was a really hard race, too. I'd been forced to discontinue training about four days before the event and things were looking rather gloomy for me. You see, Dr. Baumbach, who accompanied me, had been practicing a long time, and he knew I'd win the Powder Hall. I knew I would, too; that is, I had believed that I'd be the winner until just four days before the race. I'd been practicing on the roads, running with spikes and wearing that dinky, little old cap that has always crowned my head while training.

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